

## The Echo

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# Chocolate Chips

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# CHOCOLATE CHIPS

ZACHARY HUGHES

Limping just because I can,  
Walking slow in thin soles  
Cuz it seems to match the tone  
Of a world-weary man.  
Longing for a chance to see you,  
Speak to you,  
To close the distance put in place  
To feel the closeness of your face  
On my shoulder as we dance...

Boundaries between—concrete or more ethereal?  
Feeling like a disciple abandoned,  
Wondering if I should be preparin'  
For a rebirth or just a burial.  
If life weren't so material,  
And time weren't so damn linear,  
I could remember our future together or apart and stop  
the wondering before it starts.  
We could go back to our moments,  
Not caring that the space-time continuum was broken,  
Just caring that the storm that night was wild  
And that we were falling in love quickly.

Worn boards beneath aching feet,  
The glow of the horizon  
In my eyes and  
Thoughts of you in my mind replete.  
You are the ache between each heartbeat.  
Our lost love like chocolate chips—bittersweet.